

glistening jewels has bribed her to wink at all
his faults,
and she hears him as unmoved and
unconcerned as if
another were to marry him.' That so many
marriages
end in tears is mainly, she thinks, the
women's fault;
seeing that they usually show themselves
more quarrel-
some within their own families than men.
Even when a
husband is unsatisfactory, his wife can and
should at least
save appearances (we shall meet again this
curiously
strong dread in Dorothy of public ridicule);
'as a kins-
woman of ours that had a husband who was
not always
himself; and when he was otherwise, his
humour was to
rise in the night, and with two bedstaves
tabour upon the
table an hour together. She took care every
night to lay a
great cushion upon the table for him to
strike on, that
nobody might hear him, and so discover his
madness. But
'tis a sad thing when all one's happiness is
only that the
world does not know you are miserable.'
But this view
of the wifely duty of providing cushions does
not prevent
her having a high standard for husbands.
She has indeed
- drawn a full-length portrait of her ideal, in a
letter which
can compare for wit and style with any of the
Characters
in Earle or Overbury:

'There are a great many ingredients must
go to the
making me happy in a husband. First, as
my cousin
Franklin says, our humours must agree; and
to do that he
must have that kind of breeding that I have

had, and used
that kind of company. That is, he must not
be so much
of a country gentleman as to understand
nothing but
hawks and dogs, and be fonder of either
than his wife;
nor of the next sort of them whose aim
reaches no further
than to be Justice of Peace, and once in his
life High
Sheriff, who reads no books but statutes,
and studies
nothing but how to make a speech
interlarded with
Latin that may amaze his disagreeing poor
neighbours,